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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Edited by Lord Wharncliffe. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. Bentley.

ABSENCE and time are often disagreeable things; and yet, how much are we indebted to their influence! Letters owe to absence their whole existence, and to time, much of their importance. A letter has both the present and the future given over to its dominion: it comes to the present filled with hopes and feelings, and all our actual life warm about it. That is what may be called its individual existence. Years pass by, and the future turns with eagerness to the past: all details have become valuable; we want to feel our sympathy with our ancestors, and this we contrive to do, by learning as much about them as possible. We find that, however custom—which is but the chance-mould into which humanity is cast by circumstance—however custom may differ, we have always been the same, suffering the same sorrows, and actuated by the same passions. The slight, even gossiping detail, grows interesting, for it traces the connexion between ourselves and those who have gone before us. Lady Mary Wortley's epoch is just our own, but placed in another light. The aspect of society is like that of the earth—the same in all the great elements, but with different productions in different climates. We do think that we are improved since the time of these pages. A nobler spirit is in the political horizon; the legislative principles are on a more general, consequently, on a greater and truer scale. We are more refined, and grossness is one of those evils which cannot exist without influence. It is in vain to urge that we are only more hypocritical. Rochefoucauld says, "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue." Now, the fact of the homage proves that virtue is predominant; or it would not be worth while for vice to offer the homage. Nothing can be more piquant or more graphic than the social pictures in these letters. Lady Mary was a most remarkable woman. Singularly beautiful, she was also singularly clever. Shrewd, witty, and sarcastic, she first gives the lively sketch, and then comes the keen inference or the biting reflection. Her talent for the satiric ballad or the epigrammatic song was first-rate: no French poet ever gave more point to *les vers de société*. She was almost a most important benefactress to England. The woman who first introduced the practice of inoculation must have possessed no ordinary degree of philanthropy and of moral courage. We must remember what a scourge the small-pox was in her day, in order to estimate the gratitude due to her who arrested its progress and ameliorated its ravages. Lord Wharncliffe has introduced this *Correspondence* with a most delightful memoir, written in a most gentlemanlike spirit, just saying enough—that golden medium so hard to hit—and yet making it both animated and accurate. We shall do it most justice by miscellaneous extract.

Lady Mary's first appearance as a Toast.—Accordingly, a trifling incident, which Lady Mary loved to recall, will prove how much she was the object of Lord Kingston's pride and

fondness in her childhood. As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he, of course, belonged to the Kit-cat club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging, that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and, in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern; where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another,—was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified: there is always some allaying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast."

A Dinner.—"Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office; which, in those days, required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier: his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half-inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a-week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days: when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone, an hour or two beforehand."

Her Courtship and Marriage.—"Mr. Wortley's chief intimates have been already named. His society was principally male; the wits and politicians of that day forming a class quite distinct from the 'white-gloved beaux' attendant upon ladies. Indeed, as the education of women had then reached its very lowest ebb, and if not coquettes, or gossips, or diligent card-players, their best praise was to be notable housewives, Mr. Wortley, however fond of his sister, could have no particular motive to seek the acquaintance of her companions. His surprise and delight were the greater, when one afternoon, having by chance loitered in her apartment till visitors arrived, he saw Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time, and, on entering into conversation with her, found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she understood Latin, and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry; in a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the title-page:

Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shewn,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barbarous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The am'rous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain;
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son.

How soon this declaration of love in verse was followed by one in prose does not appear; but Mrs. Anne Wortley grew more eloquent in Lady Mary's praise, and more eagerly desirous of her correspondence. No wonder: since the rough draught of a letter in her brother's hand, indorsed 'For my sister to Lady M. P.' betrays that he was the writer, and she only the transcriber, of professions and encomiums, that sound extravagant as addressed by one woman to another. But she did not live to be long the medium through which they passed; a more direct correspondence soon began, and was continued after her decease. When married, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary agreed to put by and preserve, as memorials of the days of courtship, all their letters; a curious collection, and very different from what a romance-writer would have framed: on his side, no longer complimentary, but strikingly expressive of a real strong passion, combated in vain by a mind equally strong, which yielded to it against its conviction and against its will. 'Celui qui aime plus qu'il ne voudroit,' as a French author somewhere says, is, after all, the person in whom love has taken the fastest hold. They were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether: he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged, if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a sober esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out, leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually. After some time thus spent in fluctuations, disputes, and lovers' quarrels, he at

length made his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them favourably, and was very gracious to him, till the *Grim-griber* part of the business—the portion and settlements—came under consideration; but then broke off the match in great anger, on account of a disagreement which subsequent events have rendered memorable. We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, an unknown being, is ridiculed in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; whose authors, it may be observed, had not estates to entail. Mr. Wortley, who had, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion; for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain. Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but his grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars; and, as he had to do with a person of no common firmness, the treaty ended there. The secret correspondence and intercourse went on as before; and, shortly, Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor, ready to close with all her father's terms, to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself, that of giving her a fixed establishment in London, which, by-the-by, Mr. Wortley had always protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance. A man who is now about to sell an estate, seldom thinks of inquiring whether it will please or displease his tenantry to be transferred to a new landlord; and just as little then did parents, in disposing of a daughter, conceive it necessary to consult her will and pleasure. For a young lady to interfere, or claim a right of choice, was almost thought, as it is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary, nevertheless, declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person proposed to her. Upon this her father summoned her to his awful presence, and, after expressing surprise at her presumption in questioning his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damsels in the like case, begging permission to split the difference (if we may so say) by not marrying at all; but he answered that then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent; settlements were drawn, wedding clothes bought, the day was appointed, and every thing made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr. Wortley."

Curious history of Miss Walpole, afterwards Lady Townshend, sister to the celebrated Sir R. Walpole.—"The most interesting of the narratives was a history of her early companion, Dolly Walpole (as she always called her), according to her description a beautiful, innocent, well-meaning girl, but endowed with only a moderate portion of sense; giddy, thoughtless, vain, open to flattery, utterly ignorant of the world;

in short, though not capable of acting wrong designedly, just the person, if we may use the vulgar tongue, to get often into scrapes. Her eldest brother, then Mr. Walpole, had brought her to London in hopes that her beauty, the pride of his county, might captivate something superior to a Norfolk squire. But, being immersed in politics, and careless of what passed at home, he left her to the guidance of his wife, an empty, coquettish, affected woman, any thing rather than correct in her own conduct, or spotless in her fame; greedy of admiration, and extremely dissatisfied at having to share it with this younger, fairer inmate. In spite of her envious machinations, lovers soon crowded round Dolly, and one of the number presently obtained the preference he languished for. He had all manner of good qualities, was handsome, pleasing, as passionately in love as romance could have required, and heir to a competent fortune; but not altogether his own master—he depended upon his friends. A young man's friends, in this sense, meaning parents, guardians, old uncles, and the like, are rarely propitious to love. As no second sight revealed to them the long glories of Sir Robert Walpole's reign, they looked solely to a matter nearer at hand—Dolly's portion; and, finding that *null*, entered their protest in a determined manner. Mrs. Walpole triumphed: she told tales, made mischief, incited Dolly to flirt with other admirers, and then lamented her fickleness and coquetry to the very people who, she knew, would be sure to speed the lament onward with no favourable comments. Lady Mary took to herself the credit of having been all this while her simple friend's protecting genius; of having often counteracted Mrs. Walpole, and sometimes unmasked her; given Dolly the best advice, and cleared up the misunderstandings between her and her lover that continually arose from jealousy on one side, and indiscretion on the other. The story proceeded, like its fellows in the *Scudery folios*, with ins and outs, and ups and downs, more than can be remembered; but the sequel was, that the suitor, either inconstant or disgusted, finally withdrew from the chace, and the nymph remained, disappointed and forsaken. Just at this unlucky moment, Lady Mary Pierrepont being absent at Thoresby, poor Dolly's evil star prevailed; and, while her mind was in that depressed, mortified state which makes us thankful to any body who will give us so much as a kind look, led her into acquaintance with Lady Wharton, the very worst protectress she could acquire—a woman equally unfeeling and unprincipled, flattering, fawning, canting, affecting prudery, and even sanctity, yet in reality as abandoned and unscrupulous as her husband himself: so said the journal. It is worth noting, that Lady Mary Wortley, who abhorred the very name of Dean Swift, should yet have spoken of both Lord and Lady Wharton precisely as he did. The portraits were so alike, that one might have been believed a copy of the other. To be sure, she was (in Doctor Johnson's phrase) almost as 'good a hater' as the dean himself; and the diary proved it by certain passages relating to Queen Anne, Mrs. Masham, and also to persons obnoxious to her for private reasons. But neither private nor public operated against Lord Wharton, with whom she had had no quarrel, who was intimate with her family, and on the same side with her in party; therefore she probably only echoed the general voice in pronouncing him 'the most prodigal, impious, and shameless of men.' Dolly Walpole, however, knowing nothing of any one's character, felt elated at being ca-

ressed and courted by so great and good a lady as the Countess of Wharton, told her all her secrets, and complained to her of all her grievances. The result was, that after one of these confidential conversations, when Mrs. Walpole had done something particularly spiteful, and Mr. Walpole happened to be out of town, Lady Wharton pressed the poor girl to leave his house for a few days and pass them in hers, where she should enjoy comfort and tranquillity. Dolly consented with joy, not in the least aware that there could be any objection; and Mrs. Walpole made none, because perfectly well aware, and secretly exulting in, what she knew likely to follow. Now, as Lady Mary proceeded to state, Lord Wharton's character was so infamous, and his lady's complaisant subserviency so notorious, that no young woman could be four-and-twenty hours under their roof with safety to her reputation. Dean Swift says nothing much stronger than this. Upon Mr. Walpole's return home, enraged at finding whether his sister had betaken herself, he flew to Lord Wharton's, and, thundering for admittance, demanded her aloud, regardless who might hear him. My lord, not at all inclined to face him in this temper, thought it safest to abscond; so, crept privately out of his own house by a back-door, leaving my lady to bide the pelting of the storm, pitiless as it threatened to prove. Sir Robert, it is well known, was at no time apt to be over delicate or ceremonious; he accosted her ladyship in the plainest English, bestowed upon her some significant epithets, and, without listening to a word of explanation, forced away his weeping sister, with whom he set out for Norfolk the next morning."

Very true remark.—"Another of Lady Mary's friends, the famous Lord Hervey, however blackened or extolled, must have been any thing but stupid. Their intimacy had not always prevented her from laughing at him, as is proved by the well-known sentence, almost a proverb, 'that this world consisted of men, women, and Herveys,' which was originally hers. And so might be a chance-epigram or ballad besides, yet no great harm done. For, as there are some people who must be handled seriously or not meddled with, and a few whom it would be sacrilege and profanation to laugh at, there are others with whom their friends take that liberty every day; nay, who invite it by laughing at themselves. This is very commonly the case with those who, being conscious of some whimsical peculiarity, and wital no fools, think that humorously exaggerating their own foible, gives them a privilege to indulge it. The exaggeration then gets abroad, and by that the character is stamped. For 'half the strange stories you hear in the world (said one who knew it well) come from people's not understanding a joke.' Accordingly, it has been handed down as a proof of the extreme to which Lord Hervey carried his effeminate nicety, that, when asked at dinner whether he would have some beef, he answered, 'Beef?—Oh, no!—Faugh! Don't you know I never eat beef, nor horse, nor any of those things?' Could any mortal have said this in earnest?"

We conclude with the following anecdote, than which nothing truer was ever said.

"When Lady Bute was nearly grown up, some of her young friends wanted to bring about an acquaintance between her and Miss Furness, an heiress of their own age. Miss Wortley had no objection; but Miss Furness held off, and so resolutely, that they insisted upon knowing the reason. 'Why, then,' said

she, at last, 'I will honestly own, your praises of Miss Wortley make me sure I shall dislike her. You tell me she is lively and clever, now I know I am very dull; so, of course, she will despise me, and turn me into ridicule, and I am resolved to keep out of her way.' The young set laughed most heartily at this avowal; and Lady Bate, laughing, too, when told of it, ran to divert her mother with the story. But, instead of amusing Lady Mary, it made her unusually serious. 'Now, child,' she began, after a moment's reflection, 'you see nothing in this but a good joke, an absurdity to laugh at; and are not aware what an important lesson you have received—one which you ought to remember as long as you live. What that poor girl in her simplicity has uttered aloud, is no more than what passes in the mind of every dull person you will meet with. Those who cannot but feel that they are deficient in ability always look with a mixture of fear and aversion on people cleverer than themselves; regarding them as born their natural enemies. If ever, then, you feel yourself flattered by the reputation of superiority, remember that to be the object of suspicion, jealousy, and a secret dislike, is the sure price you must pay for it.'

No library can be complete without these volumes; they are, as it were, the side-lights of history, full of anecdote and observation; while they also contain every possible requisite for amusement.

Henrietta Temple, a Love Story. 3 vols. 12mo. By the author of "Vivian Grey." London, 1836. Colburn.

THERE is a great mixture of talent and of affection in these volumes. We can find a thousand faults in them, and yet no one could deny but that the writer is clever. The story of the work before us is simple, and yet improbable; and of the hero we must say that he combines as many faults of character as any young gentleman could well contrive to possess. He is arrogant, vain, selfish, and unprincipled; while his good luck at last is singularly ill-deserved. The heroine is drawn with a much more finished pencil. Henrietta is a sweet and graceful creature. The love-making somewhat puzzles us; it is quite out of our ordinary run of criticism: we must rather guess than judge. We hazard an opinion that, though parts are touching and natural, the whole is overstrained and exaggerated. We shall quote one or two of the sentiments with which we have been most pleased, together with a lively sketch of Lady Cork, under the name of Lady Bellair, which is to the very life.

"The Viscountess Dowager Bellair was the last remaining link between the two centuries. Herself born of a noble family, and distinguished both for her beauty and her wit, she had reigned for a quarter of a century the favourite subject of Sir Joshua; had flirted with Lord Carlisle, and chatted with Dr. Johnson. But the most remarkable quality of her ladyship's destiny was her preservation. Time, that had rolled on nearly a century since her birth, had spared alike her physical and mental powers. She was almost as active in body, and quite as lively in mind, as when seventy years before she skipped in Marylebone Gardens, or puzzled the gentlemen of the Tuesday Night Club at Mrs. Cornely's masquerades. Those wonderful seventy years, indeed, had passed to Lady Bellair like one of those very masked balls in which she formerly sparkled; she had lived in a perpetual crowd of strange and brilliant characters. All that had been famous for beauty, rank, fashion, wit, genius, had been gathered round her

throne; and at this very hour a fresh and admiring generation, distinguished for these qualities, cheerfully acknowledged her supremacy, and paid to her their homage. The heroes and heroines of her youth, her middle life, even of her old age, had vanished: brilliant orators, profound statesmen, inspired bards, ripe scholars, illustrious warriors; beauties whose dazzling charms had turned the world mad; choice spirits, whose flying words or whose fanciful manners had made every saloon smile or wonder—all had disappeared. She had witnessed revolutions in every country in the world; she remembered Brighton a fishing-town, and Manchester a village; she had shared the pomp of nabobs and the profusion of loan-mongers; she had stimulated the early ambition of Charles Fox, and had sympathised with the last aspirations of George Canning; she had been the confidante of the loves alike of Byron and Alfieri; had worn mourning for General Wolfe, and given a festival to the Duke of Wellington; had laughed with George Selwyn, and smiled at Lord Alvanley; had known the first macaroni and the last dandy; remembered the Gummings, and introduced the Sheridans. * *

"In due course of time a very handsome travelling chariot, emblazoned with a viscount's coronet, and carrying on the seat behind a portly man-servant and a lady's maid, arrived at Ducie. They immediately descended, and assisted the assembled household of the Bower to disembark the contents of the chariot. * *

"Lady Bellair was of child-like stature, and quite erect, though ninety years of age; the tasteful simplicity of her costume, her little plain white silk bonnet, her grey silk dress, her apron, her grey mittens, and her Cinderella shoes, all admirably contrasted with the vast and flaunting splendour of her companion, not less than her ladyship's small, yet exquisitely proportioned form, her highly-finished extremities, and her keen sarcastic grey eye. The expression of her ladyship's countenance now, however, was somewhat serious. An arrival was an important moment, that required all her practised circumspection; there was so much to arrange, so much to remember, and so much to observe. The portly serving-man had advanced, and, taking his little mistress in his arms, as he would a child, had planted her on the steps. And then her ladyship's clear, shrill, and now rather fretful voice, was heard.

'Here! where's the butler? I don't want you, stupid (addressing her own servant), but the butler of the house, Mister's Butler; what is his name—Mr. Two-Shoes' butler? I cannot remember names. Oh! you are there, are you? I don't want you. How is your master? How is your charming lady? Where is the parrot?—I don't want it. Where's the lady? Why don't you answer? Why do you stare so? Miss Temple! no! not Miss Temple! The lady, my lady, my charming friend, Mrs. Floyd! To be sure so—why did you not say so before? But she has got two names. Why don't you say both names? My dear,' continued Lady Bellair, addressing her travelling companion, 'I don't know your name. Tell all these good people your name—your two names! I like people with two names. Tell them, my dear, tell them—tell them your name, Mrs. Thingabob, or whatever it is, Mrs. Thingabob Two-Shoes.' Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, though rather annoyed by this appeal, still contrived to comply with the request in the most dignified manner; and all the servants bowed to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. To the great satisfaction of this stately dame, Lady Bellair, after scanning every thing and every body with the

utmost scrutiny, indicated some intention of entering, when suddenly she turned round—'Man, there's something wanting. I had three things to take charge of. The parrot and my charming friend—that is only two. There is a third. What is it? You don't know! Here, you man, who are you? Mr. Temple's servant. I knew your master when he was not as high as that cage. What do you think of that?' continued her ladyship, with a triumphant smile. 'What do you laugh at, sir? Did you ever see a woman ninety years old before? That I would wager you have not. What do I want? I want something. Why do you tease me by not remembering what I want? Now, I knew a gentleman who made his fortune by once remembering what a very great man wanted. But then the great man was a minister of state. I dare say if I were a minister of state, instead of an old woman ninety years of age, you would contrive some how or other to find out what I wanted. Never mind, never mind. Come, my charming friend, let me take your arm. Now I will introduce you to the prettiest, the dearest, the most innocent and charming lady in the world. She is my greatest favourite. She is always my favourite. You are my favourite, too; but you are only my favourite for the moment. I always have two favourites: one for the moment, and one that I never change, and that is my sweet Henrietta Temple. You see I can remember her name, though I couldn't yours. But you are a good creature, a dear good soul, though you live in a bad set, my dear, a very bad set, indeed; vulgar people, my dear; they may be rich, but they have no ton. This is a fine place. Stop, stop! Lady Bellair exclaimed, stamping her little foot and shaking her little arm, 'don't drive away, I remember what it was. Gregory! run, Gregory! It is the page! There was no room for him behind, and I told him to lie under the seat. Poor dear boy! He must be smothered. I hope he is not dead. Oh! there he is. Has Miss Temple got a page? Does her page wear a feather? My page has not got a feather, but he shall have one, because he was not smothered. Here! woman, who are you? The housemaid. I thought so. I always know a housemaid. You shall take care of my page. Take him at once, and give him some milk and water; and, page, be very good, and never leave this good young woman, unless I send for you. And, woman, good young woman, perhaps you may find an old feather of Miss Temple's page. Give it to this good little boy, because he was not smothered.'

Separation.—"The separation of lovers, even with an immediate prospect of union, involves a sentiment of deep melancholy. The re-action of our solitary emotions, after a social impulse of such peculiar excitement, very much disheartens and depresses us. Mutual passion is complete sympathy. Under such an influence there is no feeling so strong, no fancy so delicate, that it is not instantly responded to. Our heart has no secrets, though our life may. Under such an influence, each unconsciously labours to enchant the other; each struggles to maintain the reality of that ideal which has been reached in a moment of happy inspiration. Then is the season when the voice is ever soft, the eye ever bright, and every movement of the frame airy and picturesque; each accent is full of tenderness, each glance of affection, each gesture of grace. We live in a heaven of our own creation. All happens that can contribute to our perfect satisfaction, and

can ensure our complete self-complacency. We give and we receive felicity. We adore and we are adored. Love is the May-day of the heart. But a cloud, nevertheless, will dim the genial lustre of that soft and brilliant sky, when we are alone; when the soft voice no longer sighs, and the bright eye no longer beams, and the form we worship no longer moves before our enraptured vision. Our happiness becomes too much the result of reflection. Our faith is not less devout, but it is not so fervent. We believe in the miracle, but we no longer witness it."

But we will leave this delicate ground—a specimen is enough. There is a lively sketch introduced of Count D'Orsay, under the name of Mirabel; but it lacks the high-bred finish of the original. It is only a copy.

Early Years and Late Reflections. By Clement Carlyon, M.D. 12mo. pp. 311. London, 1836. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a very gossiping book of light and desultory literature, intermingled with a sprinkling of polemical discussions, and wrought into bulk by quotations from such works as Coleridge's "Friend;" Sir H. Davy's "Consolations;" his Biography, by Dr. Davy and by Dr. Paris; "The Antijacobin Review," &c. &c. whenever they illustrated the author's subject or arguments. The chief interest of the whole will be found in the anecdotes of early intercourse with Coleridge in Germany, at the close of last century; a few particulars of Dr. Carlyon's Cornish compatriot, Davy; and some desultory matters garnered from an intimacy with men of future celebrity, as well as a pleasant acquaintance with the world at large. From these sources our selections shall be more numerous than long, and more piquant than important: in short, if not the large plums, the small currants, of the volume.

From Gottingen, 1798-9, Dr. Carlyon, two Messrs. Parry and Coleridge,* took several excursions in the neighbouring country; and our bard, in all the exuberance of youthful humour, must have been a glorious companion. The author says:

"The first part of our road lay chiefly through forests of beech; and Coleridge's muse presented us with nothing better for our journals than the following couplet:

We went, the younger Parry bore our goods
O'er d—d bad roads, through d—d delightful woods."

Again:—

"Passing from the territory of Hanover into a district appertaining to the Elector of Mentz, we found ourselves, for the first time, among Catholics, not the most bigoted in the world, but sufficiently so, at least as far as regarded the peasantry, to make them very sensible of the smallest indignity supposed to be offered to the most uncouth statues and images that ever mortals set up as objects or instruments of adoration. An image of our Saviour, as it proved, with a mitre on its head and a crucifix in its arms, happening particularly to attract our notice, Coleridge, with his natural good-

humoured effrontery, asked a peasant who was passing by, whether it were not intended for the Elector of Mentz. 'The Elector!' exclaimed the indignant peasant; 'nein, mein herr! das ist Jesus Christus.' 'No, sir, that is Jesus Christ.' Which was letting us off more easily than happened to be the case upon another short excursion which we afterwards made from Gottingen into the adjoining territory of Hesse-Cassel."

Here they insulted the Cassellians, who would, in consequence, neither supper nor bed them, and so they had to sleep supperless in a wood, not "d—d delightful," we guess. At the Brocken, "the day further declined, a bright moonlight shed a varied interest over wood and dale and murmuring stream; but the wind was bitterly cold; the frogs were beginning to drown the voice of the nightingale by their croaking; and Coleridge, who had already designated our tour the Carlyon-Parry-Green-ation, and who was never above a pun when it crossed his mind opportunely, informed us that the dissonance proceeded from a species of crocodile (croak-a-deal) so extremely common in the north of Germany, that he considered Lessing's Fable of the Frogs, as given by Gifford, almost unintelligible to one who had not travelled out of England."

We proceed with brief extracts:—

"The Germans, of all mortals the most imaginative, take extraordinary delight in their albums; and Coleridge being a Noticeable Engländer, and a poet withal, was not unfrequently requested to favour with a scrap of verse persons who had no very particular claims upon his muse. As a specimen of the playful scintillations of this gifted man upon such occasions, I subjoin the following quatrain, which he wrote when about to leave the university, in the stammbuch of a Gottingen student, who had attended the same course of lectures (collegium) with him:—

'We both attended the same college,
Where sheets of paper we did blur many,
And now we're going to sport our knowledge,
In England I, and you in Germany.'

Thus seizing the only circumstance which there probably was in common between his German friend and himself, and enshrining a thought which would be likely to lose nothing by a free transfusion into his friend's German, with good measure of note and comment illustrative of his fellow collegian."

A capital gourmand maxim is enshrined in the following:—

"Coleridge appears to have passed his time very much to his satisfaction at the Herr Pastor's, with whom he spoke, or began to speak, German, and smoked a pipe occasionally, and partook of the good things of a well-served board. One of the old gentleman's maxims was to eat slowly. 'Eat slowly,' he used to say, 'and you will be able'—to do what? Why, 'to eat the more.'"

"The following" (we are told elsewhere) "is inserted here, not more for its real wit, than for its characteristic anti-gallicism:—

For a French house-dog's collar:

When thieves come, I bark; when gallants, I am still;
So perform both my master's and mistress's will."

While in the epigram line, we may as well insert here one on Sir H. Davy's marriage; his lady's name, we need hardly mention, being Appreece.

'Though many a clever man has seen
His talents underrated,
Davy must own that his have been
Richly App-ree-ce-ated."

We recently noticed a strange ancient mira-

cle play; a modern German one would not be amiss as a companion. Dr. C. says,

"What would be thought, for instance, in the present day, of a play of Hans Sachs, which Coleridge had met with, in which Eve is represented as telling Cain and Abel to take care to have their hair combed, and their faces and hands well washed, for that the Almighty was about to pay them a visit? Upon his approach, Eve scolds Cain for not taking off his little hat to him, and for not giving him his little hand to shake. Cain is represented as making a very bad hand of the Lord's Prayer; upon which Eve apologises. In conclusion, God pays Abel the compliment of hoping to see his descendants kings and bishops; but that, as for Cain's children, he foresees very plainly that they will be nothing better than tinkers and shoemakers."

Our author contends, that such dramas were far superior to the vicious sentimentality of Kotzebue and his school. But to return to the German tourists.

"We certainly," says their recorder, "carried the maxim, '*Desipere in loco*,' to its full extent upon more occasions than one. Coleridge, I need not say, was always a very noticeable personage among us, and having, moreover, no objection to be noticed, whoever the noticers might happen to be, he conceived the ludicrous idea of making a plenary sacrifice of common sense to the experiment of filling the natives, at fitting times and places, with the utmost possible astonishment. Accordingly, after conning over the respective merits of several nonsensical stories which he had in some corner of his brain—such as the tragical ballad of 'Titty Mouse brim,' 'where the youngest (sister) pushed the eldest in;' the story of Dr. Daniel Dodds,* and his horse Knobs, who drank the wine-dregs at the Dapple Dog, in Doncaster, &c. &c.—he concluded by giving the preference to a narrative connected with the traditions of his own native parish. By mutual arrangement, therefore, and after some preparatory rehearsals, when sitting at the end of a table in the long and, perhaps, only room of a village hotel—a room appropriated to all purposes, and common to all travellers, and not without a proper halo of tobacco-smoke to increase the effect—huddled together, apparently in earnest conversation, so that the eyes of the assembled rustics were fixed upon us, there ensued a momentary pause. Taking advantage of this, and assuming a phiz of more than usual importance, whilst we all were looking at him with mute attention, Coleridge would begin to relate how that, 'Once upon a time there lived an old maiden lady of the name of Mary Row—Mrs. Mary Row. The place of her residence was Ottery St. Mary, which is situated in the county of Devon, about twelve miles from Exeter and four from Tiverton. To get at it you must leave the great road from Bath to Exeter at an inn near the late seat of Sir G. Y. Sir George got into parliament, ruined his fortune, and sold his beautiful estate to an East Indian nabob; in short, there are many anecdotes that might be related of Sir G. Y.' But to return to Mrs. Mary Row. This Mrs. Mary Row had the reputation of being a witch. She had always near her an old black cat. This old black cat was thought to be her familiar; and, on the death of Mrs. Mary Row, the opinion of her having been a witch was confirmed in the following extraordinary manner. The old black cat got on the top of the

* Dr. Daniel Dodds, of Doncaster.

"Dr. Daniel Dove! A discovery! The authorship of 'The Doctor,' is no longer a mystery.—Dr. H."

* On meeting whom the author says: "My prepossessions were far from being in Coleridge's favour, from having heard a good deal about him during his last days at Cambridge, where, after giving proof of talents which, if duly cultivated, would have placed him among the most learned and brilliant scholars of the university, he caught and communicated the political frenzy of the day, and, turning his back upon Alma Mater, commenced that eccentric and chequered career in which his life has run. His genius, of the highest order, brooked no restraint, nor has ever done homage to a superior; but his musings, whether in prose or verse, 'beautiful exceedingly' as they are, have been, not unfrequently, like the strains
"Of that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone."

house of its late old maiden mistress, and audibly thrice exclaimed, as numbers are ready to testify,

Moll Ro—o—ow—Moll Ro—o—ow—
Moll Ro—o—ow is dead!

Here we all joined in chorus, imitating the cat-calls, like a well-trained band of tom-cats, to the amazement of all present. That we fully succeeded in making tom-fools of ourselves no one can doubt; yet I can never recall the scene to my recollection without a smile, for nothing can surpass the ludicrous effect of this farce upon the faces of our auditory; which was not a little increased by the serious contour into which our own instantly subsided, leaving ample room for conjecture as to the meaning of the singular performance enacted by us."

Dr. C. seems to think that the tragedy of "Remorse" was an improvement upon an early drama, called "Osorio;" but does not enter sufficiently upon his grounds. We pass the point to extract an interesting opinion on a subject of interest.

"Zimmerman," says our author, "gave us his opinion freely of Kant's philosophy, and no one could have more cordially reprobated its general tendency. After maintaining, as Kant has done, that the existence of a God can never be proved; to what purpose, asked Zimmerman, is it to tell the world that the best argument which can be adduced in its favour, is this very impossibility of proving it? The generality of mankind, he said, would recollect the impossibility, but forget the inference. Kant, moreover, was unable, he added, to explain his own system; so that it was not to be wondered at, that his worshippers branched off into almost as many ramifications as the human arteries; but without returning to a common centre. Is it not extraordinary, he concluded by exclaiming, to see such herds of commentators groping after and guessing at the meaning of a living author? Coleridge attended to what Zimmerman said, without shewing any desire to defend the philosopher of Königsberg on this occasion. Zimmerman informed us, that the greater part of the German literati were Spinozists; their secluded habits were calculated, he thought, to promote this doctrine: besides, added he, people have their vanity gratified, in supposing themselves equal with God; not considering that their doctrine puts them, at the same time, on a footing with frogs and spiders."

The following is also interesting, in relation to two men whose names will be immortal in our national literature:

"Soon after Coleridge's arrival at Göttingen, Mr. Wordsworth and his sister came from Goslar to pay him a visit, and I have been informed by one, well acquainted with the fact, that the two philosophers rambled away together for a day or two (leaving Miss Wordsworth at Göttingen), for the better enjoyment of an entire intercommunion of thought, thereby becoming the whole world to each other; and not this world only, which in their metaphysical excursions was probably but a secondary consideration. I am not aware whether they allowed themselves any intermission either for bodily or mental repose: I should almost have doubted it, if it had not been so well known that they entertained for each other the sincerest friendship; and if I had not heard Coleridge promulgate as a maxim, that 'you ought not to consider a man your friend, until you could be quite at your ease and comfortable when alone with him, without saying a word, or being scarcely sensible of his presence,' which is making friendship to transcend the passion

of love itself; for even lovers, when their tongues are silent, continue to commune with each other with their eyes; at least so it would seem from the words of the old song—

'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' &c.

Nothing, in fact, could appear to exceed Coleridge's admiration of his friend Wordsworth. When we have sometimes spoken complimentarily to Coleridge of himself, he has said that he was nothing in comparison with him."

At page 239 we find the following:—"Coleridge gave us an animated recitation of 'The Devil's Walk,' as the joint production of himself and Southey." Now, this poem is universally assigned to Porson; and yet we can personally testify, that Coleridge has, also, to ourselves, in company, stated exactly what the author mentions, that it was the joint production of himself and Southey.

It is time, however, to conclude this review, and, as we have made the author to tell so much of others, and say so little of himself, we shall end with his blast against tobacco; the abuse of which we rejoice to see falling gradually lower and lower among the popular ranks of England, till it bids soon to be confined again to the dustman and costermongers in our streets.

"What can be more deleterious than tobacco? Many an honest Deutcher have I seen smoking himself into the grave!

Rauch—Rauch—immer Rauch!

The countenance pale and haggard; the frame emaciated; the propensity to smoke irresistible!

'A pipe! a pipe! my heart's blood for a pipe!'

Neither is there need of much physiological acuteness, to account for the bad effects of this pernicious habit on the health. Tobacco is a very powerful narcotic poison. If the saliva, the secretion of which it provokes, be impregnated with its essential oil and so swallowed, the deleterious influence is communicated directly to the stomach; or if, as more frequently happens, it is ejected, then the blandest fluid of the human frame, that which, as a solvent and diluent, performs an office in digestion secondary only to the gastric juice itself, is lost. Even snuff, my old friend Abernethy used to say, fuddles the nose; but the fumes of tobacco possess a power of stupefying all the senses and all the faculties, by slow but enduring intoxication, in dull obliviousness. I recollect reading, I believe in the *Medical and Chirurgical Review*, so long and so creditably conducted by Dr. Clutterbuck, the address of a professor in some American University to his pupils, on the bad effects of tobacco. This address, sensible and spirited, seemed to come from the professor's very heart. He deprecated, in the most forcible manner, the practice of smoking which had been recently taken up; and said, 'That prior to the period when pipes were to be seen in the mouth of every student, the youths of the university were as different in their looks from the individuals with whom he was then surrounded, as health from disease.'

The Andalusian Annual for 1837. Edited by M. Burke Honan, Esq., Author of the "Court and Camp of Don Carlos." 4to. pp. 160. London, Macrone.

AFTER all our Annuals, this is a Novelty: after all we have had of late about Spain, it has new features to recommend it. These consist of whole-length portraits, in the costume of Andalusia, of remarkable characters—bandits, smugglers, actresses, matadors, &c., from the easel of José Becquier, a painter of Seville,

rendered on stone by Gauci, and coloured to the life; and also in illustrations, tales, legends, descriptions, robberies, and anecdotes, from the able and popular pen of Mr. Honan. As works of this class apply rather more to the eye than to the mind, we shall simply copy out two quotations, as specimens of the text. Of José Maria, a famous contrabandista and bandit, it is told:—

"His gallantry was proverbial. A woman of fashion, going up to Madrid, had her trunks filled with fine dresses, valuable jewellery, lace, and every thing suited to a person of her rank, all of which the heavy hands of his searchers made her booty. The lady, being an Andalusian, and full of the wit and self-possession of her province, stepped gaily up to Tempanillo, and exclaimed—'Amigo! well, I must return to Cadiz. Pray will you assist me on the road?' 'Why so, your ladyship?' exclaimed the robber. 'Why, how can a woman of my rank go to Madrid without the dresses and ornaments fit to appear at court in?' replied Doña Julia. 'Restore all this lady's property,' was the answer given by José Maria; and the gang, ever obedient to his orders, immediately returned to her her gold watch, chains, rings, &c.; and their captain, making a low bow, begged the honour of her accepting them at his hands. 'Caballero and Amigo! I never can forget your kindness,' continued the lady, giving one of her sweet smiles; 'but the fact is, I must still be a claimant on your bounty. I cannot go to court without money in my pocket.' 'How stupid to forget that!' exclaimed our friend; and in an instant her money was in her hands, with an offer of as much more from the treasury of the banditti. The lady went on to Madrid; and when the pardon that was subsequently granted to José Maria was in deliberation, her influence was of great value in carrying it through."

This hero of the road was afterwards placed at the head of the police, and shot by some of his former companions.

Our conclusion is the illustration of a portrait of a handsome Spanish lass:—

"Matilda Diez is a young actress of the Theatre del Principe at Madrid. She was born in Seville, and frequently appeared there and at Cadiz. She is the only support of the declining Spanish stage, is a most amiable personage in private life, and, on the evenings when she does not perform, she has a select Tertulia at her house. It is difficult to get presented at that circle; but it was our good fortune to be admitted, and we had the pleasure of frequently listening to the romantic tales which she recited for the amusement of her friends. On one evening, when she was in a full flow of spirits, she dressed herself in the costume of which the accompanying portrait is a sketch, and stood in the middle of the floor to recite, in her own inimitable manner, the following story; which many of us at the time thought was original, though probably it may be found in some of the old Spanish tales of saintly interposition:

"The Story.—Don Diego de la Barra lived in Seville, just at the opening of the new street which leads now to the beautiful walk of the Christina, by the side of the romantic Guadalquivir. He was rich, courageous, and, of course, in love. Which of you gentlemen is not? What would we young maidens do, if you did not fall in love and marry us? Well, Don Diego was young, handsome, gallant, and desperately stricken by the charms of Doña Candelaria, the daughter of the old gobernador, the remains of whose palace are still to be seen

a little distance from the city. But, though he was rather wild, and spent his money foolishly, and disposed of his heart without his father's leave, he was a good lad in the main—a Christian of pure faith, who never forgot to pay his duty to the benevolent San Francisco, the saint whose little chapel was burned last year, when the lazy monks were expelled from Seville. The old gobernador was in a great fury when he heard that Don Diego was enamoured of his daughter, as he had contracted her in marriage with the old Duke of Medina—a man of many years and many virtues; an excellent grandfather, but an indifferent bridegroom; being well qualified to give away the hand of the beautiful Candelaria, but totally unworthy of claiming it himself. The señorita had seen the young hero of our tale, and had been captivated by him at first sight. Tender passages of love passed between the giddy pair; letters were introduced and answered; and, to cut the courtship short—which, though very pleasant to be engaged in, is very *fastidioso* to hear of—they agreed to run away with each other, to be married in secret, and to take the chance of subduing the old governor's heart when it was too late to refuse his consent. A night was fixed when there was no moonlight to disclose the blushes of the foolish maid; and, punctual to the appointed hour, Don Diego sallied forth, wrapped up in his large cloak, and with no other arms than his trusty sword. Silently he stole through the lanes which then led to the suburbs of Seville, and gladly did he congratulate himself on not being observed by the patrol, when the cold night air touched his cheek, and he was safe beyond the last avenue of the city. He traced his way by the well-known path along the river-bank, thinking only of the beautiful creature who was to elope with him that hour, when he was startled by a voice which came in the most sepulchral tone—“Don Diego—Don Diego! Cut me down—cut me down!” The young man stopped for an instant; but, imagining that it was fancy which distracted him, as quickly resumed his way. But the silence of the night was again broken by the same unearthly voice—“*Por amor de San Francisco! Jovenito, cut me down—cut me down!*” A moment's fear blanched Don Diego's cheek, but he shook it off, grasped his sword by the handle, and determined to pursue his road, when the same sepulchral note again smote his heart—“Cut me down—cut me down!” Don Diego now arrested his step, determined to push the mystery to the end; and there he saw a gibbet standing by the river-side, a ladder placed against it, and the figure of a man swinging in the wind, hanging from it by a rope. “Cut me down—cut me down!” continued the spectre. “*Por amor de San Francisco!*” This appeal to his patron saint determined the young man; and, stealing his heart to the consequences, he mounted the ladder, and, with his sword, cut the rope which held the body, and allowed it to drop to the ground. He then descended himself; but what was his surprise to see the body standing upright at his side; and to hear it exclaim—“*Gracias, Don Diego—muchas gracias, Don Diego!*” Don Diego faltered not; but, wrapping his cloak around him, was about to pursue his road, after giving the usual parting benediction, which was rather an equivocal one, to his companion, considering the circumstances under which they met. “*Vaya usted con Dios!*” said he. “*Vaya! Vaya!*” was the reply; “*con Dios!*” (with God!) stuck in the spectre's throat. The young man passed on, and had just reached the rising ground

which overlooked the governor's garden, when he again heard the same unearthly voice at his elbow, exclaiming, “Where art thou going?” He started at the sound; and, lo! at his side stood the same spectral form—the rope by which the body had been hung still hanging from his neck, and the links of the chain which bound his hands clanking in the air. “*Diavolo!*” exclaimed Don Diego, forgetting his prudence in his impatience. The spectre placed its fingers on its lips, and Diego did not repeat the exclamation. “Where art thou going?” again he cried. “Pray, leave me,” returned the young lover, resuming his good-humour, and adopting a coaxing tone. “No, I can't do that—I will follow you wherever you go.” “Nonsense, my good friend; recollect I cut you down from that ugly gibbet, where the crows were making free with your carcass. I am going to a place where you will be a most unwelcome guest.” “Don Diego! Don Diego! I am under orders, and must accompany you.” “Then you must run fast,” said the youth, starting at the top of his speed, and darting down the hill in the direction of the governor's garden. He glanced around him for a moment, and the spectre was not to be seen. He gaily approached the spot where the vision of his love was to bless his sight—drew forth the silken ladder he had prepared—threw it up, and made it fast to the wall; and was preparing to ascend, when he felt a cold hand placed on his shoulder, which chilled him to the heart. It was the spectre's hand which arrested him. “You are mad!” exclaimed the same deep voice. “You are mad, and rushing on destruction!” Don Diego's indignation mastered his fears—the blood again circulated in his veins—he threw open his cloak, grasped his trusty sword, and made a blow at the unsightly form which held him. The sword passed through the air—appeared to divide the body in two—stuck deep into the ground—and the same unearthly voice again was heard from the same unearthly form—“Don Diego! Don Diego!” Diego started back, the hair stood on his head, and cold drops of sweat fell from his brow. The spectre was unconcerned, and repeated, in the same tone, “Don Diego! Don Diego! Where art thou going? Rash boy, beware!” Don Diego, naturally bold, plucked up his courage for the third time; and, finding he had to deal with a body which neither hanging could choke, nor a sword put an end to, he was determined to make the matter an affair of honour; and, with strict injunctions to secrecy, confessed to the ghost that he was going to run away with the governor's daughter. “*Caramba!*” chuckled the spectre; “I should like to see your love!” “Wait a few minutes,” replied the youth, “and I will fetch her hither.” “*Chico!*” returned the ghost. “I think I will step before you to announce your coming.” “*Anda, Señor Muerto!*” exclaimed the youth, “none of your bromas here—a good joke even becomes tiresome.” “A joke, Don Diego! I will soon prove to you that I am serious;” and with these words Don Diego felt himself put aside, and saw the spectre standing on the ladder. Diego, petrified, knew not what to do; but he thought of his favourite saint, and called San Francisco to his aid. “That will do!” exclaimed the ghost, winking at our hero as he tripped up the steps. Don Diego rushed after to pull him back, but in vain he clutched at the unsubstantial form. The spectre ran on, put his head above the garden-wall, and at that instant a dozen shots were heard, and the spectre and Don Diego dropped to the ground, the latter happily unhurt. “Well, what do

you think of that?” said the ghost. “Who is your friend now?” “Oh, Candelaria! Candelaria!” sobbed the youth. “I will finish you!” exclaimed the old gobernador, appearing at the top of the garden-wall, with a bevy of his servants, and all aiming their muskets at Diego and his friend. But scarcely had they pulled the trigger when the spectre caught up Don Diego in his arms and carried him safely beyond the reach of the vindictive gobernador and his satellites. The ghost then acquainted the young man with the motives of his interference. It was his patron saint who, aware of the folly he was about to commit, in running away with Doña Candelaria, and that the old gobernador had discovered the plot, and laid a plan to assassinate him in the very act, had sent him to try the young man's piety. The appeal which Diego had made to the name of San Francisco had decided the matter in his favour. Had he not cut down the corpse from the gibbet, he would himself have been a dead man. Don Diego poured out his thanks to the ghost, and his prayers to the patron saint; and in a week after he managed to elude the gobernador's watchfulness, ran away with the beautiful Candelaria, and married her at the cathedral church of Seville.”

We had almost omitted to mention one of the principal charms of the volume, several pieces of very national and beautiful Spanish music, which will recommend it to the pianoforte, as well as its other parts will to the boudoir and drawing-room table.

A Voice from the Factories. 8vo. Pp. 40. London, 1836. J. Murray.

If there be a province in the wide range of humanity more especially set apart to woman, it is that of suffering. The page before us is evidently the result of feminine sympathy, nor, we believe, are we wrong in assigning the name of Mrs. Norton to a work that does so much credit to all that is generous and compassionate in our nature. Touched by the painful histories that have been so recently before the public, Mrs. Norton has lent the aid of music to truth. Her reasons for the publication are given so simply and so gracefully, that we quote them entire.

“To the just-minded, the opinions of no individual, however obscure, should be utterly indifferent; since each man undoubtedly represents the opinions of a certain number of his fellow-men. It is the conviction of this,—and the belief, that to abstain from giving our views on any point because we fear due attention will not be paid us, savours rather of vanity than humility,—which have induced me to intrude at this time on your lordship and the public. For the mode in which I have done so, some apology is, perhaps, necessary; since the application of serious poetry to the passing events of the day has fallen into disuse, and is, if not absolutely contemned, at least much discouraged. Doubtless, there are those to whose tastes and understandings dry and forcible arguments are more welcome than reasonings dressed in the garb of poetry. Yet, as poetry is the language of feeling, it should be the language of the multitude; since all men can feel, while comparatively few can reason acutely, and still fewer reduce their reasoning theories to practicable schemes of improvement. My lord, I confess myself anxious to be heard, even though unable to convince. It is the misfortune of the time, that subjects of great and pressing interest are so numerous, that many questions which affect the lives and happiness of hundreds, become, as it were, comparatively unimportant; and are

thrust aside by others of greater actual moment. Such, as it appears to me, is the present condition of the factory question: and, although I am conscious that it requires but an inferior understanding to perceive an existing evil, while the combined efforts of many superior minds are necessary to its remedy; yet I cannot but think it incumbent on all who feel, as I do, that there is an evil which it behoves Christian lawgivers to remove, to endeavour to obtain such a portion of public attention as may be granted to the expression of their conviction."

We add the following family picture—

"The happy homes of England"—they have been
A source of triumph, and a theme for song;
And surely if there be a hope serene
And beautiful, which may to earth belong,
'Tis when (shut out the world's associate throng,
And closed the busy day's fatiguing hum),
Still waited for with expectation strong,
Welcomed with joy, and overjoyed to come,
The good man goes to seek the twilight rest of home.

There sits his gentle wife, who with him knelt
Long years ago at God's pure altar-place;
Still beautiful—though all that she hath felt
Hath calmed the glory of her radiant face,
And given her brow a holier, softer grace.
Mother of souls immortal, she doth feel
A glow from Heaven her earthly love replace;
Prayer to her lip more often now doth steal,
And meditative hope her serious eyes reveal.

Fondly familiar is the look she gives
As he returns, who forth so lately went—
For they together pass their happy lives;
And many a tranquil evening have they spent
Since, blushing, ignorantly innocent,
She vowed, with downcast eyes and changeful hue,
To love him only. Love fulfilled hath lent
Its deep repose; and when he meets her view,
Her soft look only says—"I trust—and I am true."

Scattered like flowers, the rosy children play—
Or round her chair a busy crowd they press;
But, at the father's coming, start away,
With playful struggle for his loved caress,
And jealous of the one he first may bless.
To each, a welcoming word is fondly said;
He bends and kisses some; lifts up the less;
Admires the little cheek, so round and red,
Or smooths with tender hand the curled and shining head.

Oh! let us pause, and gaze upon them now.
Is there not one—beloved and lovely boy!
With mirth's bright seal upon his open brow,
And sweet fond eyes, brimful of love and joy?
He, whom no measure of delight can cloy,
The darning and the darling of the set;
He who, though pleased with every passing toy,
Thoughtless, and buoyant to excess, could yet
Never a gentle word or kindly deed forget?

And one, more fragile than the rest, for whom—
As for the weak bird in a crowded nest—
Are needed all the fostering care of home,
And the soft comfort of the brooding breast;
One, who hath oft the couch of sickness prest;
On whom the mother looks, as it goes by,
With tenderness intense, and fear suppress,
While the soft patience of her anxious eye
Blends with "God's will be done"—"God grant thou
may'st not die?"

And is there not the elder of the band?
She with the gentle smile and smooth bright hair,
Waiting, some paces back—content to stand
Till these of love's caresses have their share;
Knowing how soon his fond paternal care
Shall seek his violet in her shadowed hair—
Patient she stands—demure, and brightly fair—
Copying the meekness of her mother's look,
And clasping in her hand the favourite story-book."

We must also give the converse of this picture—the interior of the factory.

"There the pale orphan, whose unequal strength
Loathes the incessant toil it must pursue,
Pines for the cool sweet evening's twilight length,
The sunny play-hour, and the morning's dew:
Worn with his cheerless life's monotonous hue,
Bowled down, and faint, and stupefied it stands;
Each half-sen object reeling in its view—
While its hot, trembling, languid little hands
Mechanically heed the task-master's commands.

There, sounds of wailing grief and painful blows
Offend the ear, and startle it from rest;
(While the lungs gasp what air the place bestows);
Or misery's joyless vice, the ribald jest,
Breaks the sick silence; starting at the guest
Who comes to view their labour, they beguile
The unwatched moment; whispers half suppress
And mutterings low, their faded lips defile,
While gleams from face to face a strange and sullen smile.

These, then, are his companions: he, too young
To share their base and saddening merriment,
Sits by: his little head in silence hung;
His limbs cramped up; his body weakly bent;
Toiling obedient, till long hours so spent
Produce exhaustion's slumber, dull and deep.
The watcher's stroke,—bold—sudden—violent,—
Urges him from that lethargy of sleep,
And bids him wake to life,—to labour and to weep!
But the day hath its end. Forth then he hies
With jaded, faltering step, and brow of pain;
Creeps to that shed,—his home,—where happy lies
The sleeping babe that cannot toil for gain;
Where his remorseful mother tempts in vain
With the best portion of their frugal fare;
Too sick to eat—too weary to complain—
He turns him idly from the untasted share,
Slumbering sinks down unfeared, and mocks her useless care.
Weeping she lifts, and lays his heavy head
(With all a woman's grieving tenderness)
On the hard surface of his narrow bed;
Bends down to give a sad unfeeling caress,
And turns away;—willing her God to bless,
That, weary as he is, he need not fight
Against that long-enduring bitterness,
The voluntary labour of the night,
But sweetly slumber on till day's returning light."

We cordially recommend this slight volume to the public: it is full of tender sympathy with the poor and the oppressed; and we congratulate the writer less on the finished beauty of her performance, than on the kindly and worthy feeling which dictated its production. The dedication to Lord Ashley is also most appropriate. The humanity and talent of that young nobleman have been perseveringly displayed in this sacred cause, in a manner which will reflect immortal honour upon his name.

1. *British Almanac and Companion.* London, C. Knight. 2. *Household Almanac and Year Book.* Idem. 3. *Working Man's Almanac.* Idem.

THESE Almanacs, published under the sanction of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, deserve our hearty approbation. The first is replete with all the necessary references for the ensuing year, apparently done with sedulous care; and its Companion is rich in statistical, legislative, parliamentary, and miscellaneous information. Altogether we have rarely seen a volume of greater practical intelligence and utility. Nos. 2 and 3 are modifications suited to the housekeeper and the mechanic: both very deserving of their attention.

We quote an interesting part relating to our public improvements—if this be an improvement.

"The exterior of the National Gallery is now fully made out and defined, with the exception of the dome, upon which the workmen are now employed; yet, as much will depend upon that very conspicuous feature, as the other parts have still to receive some finishing touches, and as much of the lower part of the building remains obstructed by the hoarding, we abstain from entering into criticism further than remarking, that the architecture is not of that finished character we anticipated. Beautiful as the portico is, and, as respects the columns alone, it is perfectly unexceptionable—a fine specimen of an octastyle prostyle—the entablature is plain even to nakedness, and exhibits a style not at all in keeping with the florid richness of the capitals. The pediment, again, is too low, even disagreeable and affectingly so, and is rendered still lower than it might be by the omission of the epitethedas or crowning member to the inclined cornices; added to which, the tympanum is left quite bare, although some sculpture in that situation would not only have assisted the general effect, but would have been a very suitable piece of decoration to a building appropriated to the fine arts. Of the interior, the centre mass is entirely occupied by approaches and staircases;

those on the left leading to the National Gallery; those on the right to the exhibition-rooms of the Royal Academy. On the upper floor, the whole of this space is entirely lost, except in regard to effect, which promises to be striking—the view being continued through the screens of columns, from the landing of one staircase to that of the other, although the two divisions will be kept quite separate. Yet it is matter of question with us, whether this degree of display in the approaches will not seem quite disproportioned to the galleries themselves, and cause them to appear even smaller than they really are. Again, it strikes us, that the architect has been much too sparing of columns in the screens; for, by giving only two to each, he has made the intercolumns [intercolumniations?] so wide, as altogether to contravene his own doctrine on that point, which is the more to be regretted; because, in this particular case, he might, with the utmost propriety, have introduced pycnostyle colonnades, which can seldom be employed in interiors. On the upper floor, the exhibition-rooms of the National Gallery, and those of the Academy, are perfectly similar, both in plan and dimensions; so that those who visited the latter, when opened for the exhibition of the designs for the Houses of Parliament, may be said to have seen both. But many, we believe, will be surprised at finding, that the five rooms they then beheld, constitute, with the exception of the sculpture-room below, the whole of the public rooms belonging to the Academy. In themselves, they are quite plain, making pretension to nothing else than being well-proportioned, well-lighted rooms, fitted to the purpose they are intended for. Still, there are one or two circumstances, which, although not very material in themselves, betray a want of careful study: both the School of Painting and the Antique Academy are entered, not from their ends, but their sides; and the former room, on one of its sides, has three doors, the other not fewer than that number on both its sides; whereas, by carrying this part of the building backward, either in a line, or nearly so, with the north wall of the lecture-room, the architect might have here obtained two rooms, extending from east to west, about 70 x 25, instead of 50 x 32 and 35. These would have been entered only at their ends; consequently, many doors would have been got rid of. Although the number of rooms is the same as at Somerset House, and some of them rather larger than there, the accommodation for pictures appears to be, if any thing, less than before; because, in the new building, two of the five rooms are set apart for architecture and models; whereas, at Somerset House, the latter were placed in the council-room; consequently, there remain but three rooms for paintings, while, in the other building, there were four, one of them being that called the Ante-room; besides which, the great room there was more spacious than the one now provided. What its exact dimensions may be we cannot say, but think, that they cannot be at all less than 60 x 48. Taking them at this calculation, the following will be a tolerably accurate comparative view of the old and new exhibition-rooms belonging to the Academy:

Somerset House.	National Gallery.
Great Room	60 x 48 55 x 43
School of Painting	42 x 25 50 x 35
Ante-Room	26 x 22 none
Antique Academy	42 x 25 50 x 38
Architecture (in Library)	26 x 22 35 x 19
Models (in Council Room)	55 x 43 35 x 19

In the sculpture-room, both as regards space and every thing else, the advantage lies decidedly with the new building: yet, as is appa-

rent from the plan, this apartment might as easily have been made perfectly circular as not; since, by reducing the diameter about a couple of feet, it would not have intrenched upon any other part of the plan, and what would have been so fast would have been gained by the projecting angles being cut off and taken into the general space. The same objection applies to the suite of rooms devoted to the National Gallery. They will not contain a very numerous collection of paintings, and they are not lofty enough for the exhibition of the largest class of pictures."

These objections are well-founded. The rooms for the annual exhibition are just tolerable; but those for the National Gallery altogether insufficient. They could not contain a large picture, if presented, and the want of accommodation amounts to the actual prohibition of numerous collections being given or bequeathed to the National Museum.

Portugal and Galicia, &c.
[Third Notice.]

FROM Lord Carnarvon's interesting work we shall now only make one further extract; reserving the "Tale of Evora" for a future *Gazette*, if we can possibly find room.

The Basques, from the earliest period of history, have strenuously and triumphantly asserted their independence. The account of their unconquerable adherence to their rights and privileges is a stirring narrative—their acts and mode of proceeding in all threatening emergencies, an example to every free people. They are a glorious race, and seem to have gone before other nations in understanding what a popular constitution really was, and resisting every encroachment of innovating tyranny. They were, indeed, in the darkest times,

Great, glorious, and free.

"The Basques, Vasques, or Guasques (says Lord C.) have been at all times a most remarkable people, and to this day speak a language of their own, entirely different from that made use of in other parts of Spain, with which, indeed, it bears no kind of analogy. It appears, from various sources, that the highland districts of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa, were never subdued by the Romans, invincible on every other soil. For this reason we cannot discover, in those parts of the Basque provinces, any traces of the language and the laws, the customs or the religion, of those masters of the world. Towards the close of the Neustrian empire the Basques were celebrated for their military achievements, and overran and subjected, though they did not long retain, a large portion of France. Gascony tells its own tale, and is evidently a legacy bequeathed by the Basques or Guasques, as they were then indiscriminately called. The Mahometan invaders were not more successful in their efforts against these highlanders of the north of Spain; among their rocks, for centuries, the persecuted faith of Christ found a secure asylum, when, except in the Asturias, the crescent had almost every where in Spain replaced the cross. From these wild fastnesses the tide of Christianity, that had ebbed so low, was destined to flow back over its lost domain, in a course of gradual and progressive triumph, till it had again no limits but the sea."

"Every Biscayan is noble, and is recognised as such by the law in every province of Spain. A perfect equality of civil rights prevails in Biscay. The Biscayans are all equal in the eye of the law, from the tenant of the Casa Solar to the humblest peasant of the soil. They

participate equally in the benefit of their fueros, are equally bound by the law, and receive the same measure of justice. No direct taxes, or indirect contributions, were levied upon the Biscayans by the Spanish government. The king, as lord, had the following rents, as expressed in the fueros of Biscay:—"The lords of Biscay had always on certain houses and lands, in all the towns of Biscay, a fixed annual rent and cess; and so, likewise, they have in the iron-works a duty of sixteen dineros viejos on every hundred-weight of forged iron, and on the monasteries and prebostships. But they have never had any alcavala, or duties on goods passed across the mountains, or contributions; on the contrary, the Biscayans and the hidalgos of Biscay, and the inhabitants of Durango, are now, and have always been, free and exempt from every contribution, from all service, from any alcavala, and from every imposition, of whatever nature it may be.—Fueros of Biscay Law, 4 tit. i. There were no custom-houses established along the Biscayan frontier of France, and the Spanish government were unable to impose such a restriction upon their trade as long as it respected the fueros of Biscay. This exemption is one of the greatest privileges enjoyed by the Basques; but it has been assailed by the queen's government in that spirit of wanton aggression which has characterised her policy towards the Basques. The king's troops cannot enter the province upon any pretext whatever, either in time of peace or war. A special permission from the general junta may, under peculiar circumstances, justify such a proceeding. The parliament, or general junta of Biscay, is composed of the corregidores, and three lieutenant-corregidores, appointed by the crown, but not empowered to vote; six regidores, officers elected by the junta, and in some degree resembling our aldermen; the two popular tribunes, chosen also by the junta, and the deputies sent from the towns, villages, hamlets, and scattered houses of the lordship. The deputies assemble on the day of convocation, beneath the celebrated tree of Guernica, and take their seats on benches of stone. The arms of Castile glitter above the seat occupied by the Lord of Biscay, or the deputy corregidor, who, for many generations past, has always presided in his place; and the arms of Biscay are displayed above the opposite seat of the popular tribunes. After the customary forms and oaths, the deputies enter the church; but, before they commence the labours of the session, they institute an inquiry into the list of deputies returned. With a simplicity worthy of the patriarchal times, they pass under a brief review the name of every deputy, to ascertain that he is pure and unspotted in his general character; as no vicious man, in their opinion, should legislate for a free and virtuous state. And, indeed, they have well deserved the love of their country. They do not bear the name of deputies, as in other states, but are called, and have been known immemorially, in Biscay, as the *Guison-onac*, or good men of the land; a touching proof of the integrity with which they have exercised their functions from generation to generation, and of the perfect confidence reposed in them by their contented fellow-countrymen. What a tale of virtuous government and real sympathy between the people and their representatives is disclosed in this single and simple expression of popular good-will!"

Such are the people for whom our present sympathies cannot fail to be powerfully excited; and we rejoice to have their ancient and de-

scended virtues made known to us by so eloquent an admirer—and just, as well as eloquent. Speaking of the interference of government in the Spanish national quarrel, Lord C. finely says:

"I confess I am one of those old-fashioned individuals who believe, that, in almost every contingency, that policy will, upon the whole, be most advantageous to a nation which is most subservient to the great interests of justice and morality. I believe, that, under the blessing of God, British influence, at the close of the revolutionary war, attained its powerful ascendancy abroad, not only from the vigour, but quite as much from the acknowledged justice and humanity of our general policy.* Divest us of those truly British qualities, and I believe that our national influence would decline."

But we must now leave these instructive and interesting pages; and we do so with a feeling of honest pride at perceiving (pages 96 and 481) that the noble writer has had the kindness to bestow his applause upon us for some efforts in the *Literary Gazette* on behalf of the animal world, and to shame science (?) out of cruelty to the brute creation. *Laus laudato* is the meed at which all our labours have aimed; and it is most pleasant to receive it from such a source as this.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart. in the chair.—Several fellows were elected. Colonel Jackson, of St. Petersburg, presented Admiral Krusenstern's splendid atlas, "*De l'Océan Pacifique*." The paper read was a communication made to Captain Washington, the secretary, by his friend, James Vetch, Esq. on the monuments and relics of the ancient inhabitants of New Spain. The author, in the commencement, truly observes, that, had none of these monuments and relics been preserved to our days, the study of the history and condition of the ancient inhabitants of New Spain would have deserved as little attention as the history and condition of the ancient inhabitants of New Holland or Van Diemen's Land. The case (he says) however, is far otherwise: for the pyramids of Teotihuacan, Cholula, Xochicala, and Papantla, and the edifices of Mitla and Palenque, are erections of a magnitude to indicate they could only have been constructed in a country teeming with population, and submitted to a well-organised government. If we take, for example, the pyramid of Cholula, we learn that it stands upon a square base, each side of which is about 480 yards; while its height, in its original state, was probably not short of 180 feet, or $\frac{1}{4}$ of the base line; and if we next assume that the slopes were formed at an angle of 45° , and that this truncated pyramid was divided into its four stages or stories by means of three terraces, each 30 yards in breadth, we shall find the solid contents of the structure to amount to the enormous quantity of 7,140,000 cubic yards; and, judging of this by those of Teotihuacan, the whole must have been cased in a smooth, but hard coat of stucco or cement: so that, without taking into account the edifices

"I remember being forcibly impressed, in the year 1821, with the respect, and almost veneration, felt for the British character, not only by the Spanish royalists, but even by the remote and uncivilised Moors. 'Are you a Frenchman?' I was often asked in Barbary, with a lowering countenance. 'No.' 'Are you a Spaniard?' with a still more sinister aspect. 'No.' 'Are you, then, an Englishman?' with a smoothed brow, and in a more cheerful voice. 'Yes.' Right and good—they are an honest people."

which adorned the summit, and other parts, some estimation may be formed of the labour and expense bestowed on these vast piles; and, at the same time, we are induced to conclude, that the nations which could spare hands for such erections, must have been numerous; and that the nation which submitted to so heavy a tax, must have been under entire subjection to order and government; and, on the other hand, that the government must have possessed great authority and great means, and that it was capable of long-continued exertions. The author then notices the opinions of Robertson, in his "History of America," whom, he thinks, was but partially informed on many points; eager to generalise and adopt a theory of the passage of mankind from the savage to civilised life, and constantly misjudging and deprecating the claims of the original Americans to an attainment of the arts and condition of civilised life. To negative Robertson's position, Mr. Vetch not only adduces proof by the existence of these huge pyramids, but he has recourse to a more convincing indication, viz. the perfection the original inhabitants had arrived at in measuring the years; which, it may be noticed, they made to consist of eighteen months of twenty days each, to which were added five odd days; and that, at the end of fifty-two years, they introduced a period of thirteen days to complete their cycle; and Gama even goes so far as to endeavour to prove that they introduced thirteen and twelve days alternately to their cycle, which would, indeed, reduce their measurement of the year to the degree of exactness at present followed in Europe. It is evident that it would require long-continued and accurate observations of the heavens, and a careful record of the same, to enable them to arrive at the conclusions they did, and to employ cycles of such long durations as fifty-two and one hundred and four years. After several remarks, evincing much research on the part of Mr. Vetch, he proceeds to notice a collection of stone figures, from the banks of the river Pamlico, which were exhibited at the meeting. These consist of thirty pieces, chiefly female figures, executed in shelly limestone, silicious limestone, and calcareous sandstone; indeed they are said to be geological specimens of the rocks where they were found. With respect to their age or epoch, there is no tradition; a rough estimate only can be formed by observing the erosion or atmospheric waste they have undergone in a tropical climate: judging from his own observations and impressions, the author has little hesitation in pronouncing some of them to be at least a thousand years old, and more probably two thousand. There is one remark which applies to nearly all the figures, whether whole or half-lengths, they are terminated below by a considerable piece of unshaped stone, presenting no base for the support of the figure, and, therefore, shewing that they were intended to be built into walls or platforms. If the figures are to be considered specimens of the art to which the country and age had attained, a very low estimate must be formed of the civilisation of the people; but then, ingeniously observes Mr. Vetch, it may be that they are no more specimens of the arts than country sign-posts and grave-stones would be of the same in this country. He then compares the features with the observations of Humboldt, in that learned traveller's "Researches," and states that most of the figures he (Mr. Vetch) procured or saw in New Spain, so far from justifying some of Humboldt's remarks on the subject, just lead one to an opposite conclusion.—

A private letter from our enterprising countryman, Mr. Davidson, dated Wad-noon, 20th September last, was also read. In this letter, the intrepid writer acknowledges the arrival of his pistols from England, intended as a present for Hamed Libboo. The day on which the letter was written, there was, by mutual consent of the tribes, a general cessation of hostilities, to enable them to attend the great Socco of El Shig, held at ten hours' ride from Wad-noon, and at which the Arabs dispose of the produce of their flocks and tents, and lay in their provisions for the whole year. The armistice lasts for six days, to give time for going and returning; the market occurring on the 28th and 29th September, it was intended that Mr. Davidson should take advantage of it, and start. The writer gives an account of an excursion he made, accompanied by the sheikh and about a dozen friends, and some slaves, to the river Draka. They passed a beautiful country, so far as regarded scenery, but wholly without drinkable water, and came to the sea where the above river empties itself. Mr. D. had not for some weeks past eaten any of the food cooked in the sheikh's house, but had been living on some stuff furnished by the Jews residing in the neighbourhood: they received orders to prepare a bag of bread for the Christian, with which they all started, the sheikh carrying tea and sugar. After a ride of eight or ten hours, the party halted at a very powerful spring of water, but so salt that neither the sheikh's horse nor Mr. D.'s would drink; and, by a sort of law there, horses are neither allowed food nor water for twelve hours before they commence a journey. Four small loaves were divided among the party, and those who liked took a small draught,—not an effervescent; they remained half an hour, and proceeded, crossing a fine chain of hills, starting many herds of gazelles, and after two hours arrived at a large encampment, where they slept; tea was made, but of the same water they had passed, and the boiling had far from improved its salt. The party crossed the mountains of Abel Assel, at the foot of which they found one of the Sheikh Beybrook's sons-in-law, with a thousand camels; there they saw much of Arab life. Mr. Davidson concludes by stating, that before his letter reaches England he will be on the way to Timbuctoo.

Col. Jackson, being called on by the chairman, addressed the meeting. He stated that the most important accounts of Russian geographical and scientific expeditions would (he thought) be published in the French language. He also mentioned a mission from Petersburg to measure the comparative height of the Caspian Sea; and another, he believed, about to be set on foot to ascertain if any, and what, diminution had occurred in the Baltic. Col. J., in conclusion, called attention to the want of room and accommodation in the society's library and offices.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At the first anniversary meeting, on Tuesday, J. E. Gray, Esq. in the chair, the secretary, after other preliminary business, read over the printed laws of the Society, which were agreed to without alteration. A ballot then took place for the officers for the ensuing year; and the chairman was chosen president, and Dr. Macreight and Charles Johnston, Esq. vice-presidents. The president then read an address explanatory of the objects of the Society, in which he stated it as his opinion, that this country was not so backward in promoting science as had been represented; and, in his opinion, sci-

entific works, published by private enterprise, sold better here than on the continent. He concluded by stating, that England took an equal stand with any other country in rewarding scientific merit. Mr. Freeman and Mr. W. H. White spoke of the prosperous state of the Society; and, a vote of thanks having been given to the chairman, the meeting, which was very fully attended, adjourned to Thursday.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

CAPT. BOWLES in the chair.—Balance in favour of Society carried to account for December, 374l. 8s. 7d.; visitors to the gardens and museum during November, 3334. The following list of the Society's stock at the gardens was read:—

	Mammalia.	Birds.	Reptiles.	Total.
Stock in hand.....	297	704	30	1029
Received in Nov. . .	4	1	3	8
	301	705	31	1037
Died in Nov.	6	6	—	—
	295	699	25	20
By accident	—	2	—	—
On hand, Nov. 30th	295	697	25	1017

In consequence of the untoward state of the weather, the committee have been ordered to grant to the contractor an extension of the time required for the performance of the works, which are now to be completed, the giraffe-house included, by the 23d of December instant. Eleven new fellows were elected. The total number, up to the present period, is 3070.

Chronometers.—The vital importance of accurate chronometers, and such as maintain their accuracy in every climate, is well known to the seaman and man of science; and the successful and zealous efforts of Messrs. Arnold and Dent to bring these instruments to perfection, have long been highly appreciated. At the period of the Edinburgh Meeting of the British Association, the *Literary Gazette* described and bore testimony to an extraordinary improvement made by these ingenious persons (or rather by Mr. Dent), in substituting glass balance-springs instead of the usual metal, hitherto employed in making those parts in chronometers; and it now affords us pleasure to observe, from a detailed and minute paper in the *Naval Magazine*, just published, that three years' experience at the Royal Observatory, has more than fulfilled our expectations of the performance of chronometers constructed on this principle. The glass is not affected as the metal is by temperature; and the elastic force of this apparently fragile substance is proved to be greater than that of steel. The tables, shewing the daily rate at which the chronometers went at the Observatory, and on board the *Fairing*, during the long period of trial, are absolutely wonderful. It is a triumph of human skill.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Nov. 24.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—The Rev. T. Prater, Exeter College.
Bachelors of Arts.—W. Adams, Postmaster of Merton, grant compounder; F. W. Baker, Scholar of University; J. Wickens, Scholar; F. H. Apicres, H. T. Erskine, Balliol College; L. Evans, Scholar, J. Bandinel, G. F. Deedes, J. Lewis, Wadham College; A. Kensington, Scholar of Trinity College; G. Moyle, Scholar, J. Armstrong, Exhibitioner, Lincoln College; F. Hathaway, Scholar, Worcester College; R. P. Burton, Scholar, Pembroke College; C. M. Collins, Exeter College; G. Hardy, Oriel College; H. Jones, L. Gilbertson, Scholars of Jesus College; M. Holmes, Scholar, D. Melville, F. Mules, Brasenose College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting took place on Wednesday, the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—

His Royal Highness delivered the annual address. Two royal medals were awarded: one to Sir John Herschel, the other to George Newport, Esq. Two Copley medals were likewise awarded: one to Professor Berzelius, and the other to Francis Kiernan, Esq. The royal duke was re-elected president, and assured the fellows present of the recovery of his sight; and that he trusted he would be able during the session to preside at the meetings of the society as heretofore. The officers stand as in the last session; and Professor Airy, Dr. Boscawen, the Earl of Burlington, Viscount Cole, George B. Greenough, Esq., Professor Lindley, the Rev. George Peacock, W. H. Pepps, Esq., the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, and W. H. Fox Talbot, Esq., were elected to fill the vacancies in the council. There was no meeting on Thursday night; and we shall notice whatever is of interest in the address, when it comes under the notice of the society at next meeting.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—The secretary read a letter from Mr. Beke, containing observations and suggestions on some coins of William I. and II., bearing the FAXS type, discovered, with others, at Beaworth, in Hampshire, and described by Mr. Hawkins, in the 26th vol. of the "Archæologia." Mr. Akerman exhibited 12 Babylonian cylinders. Part of a paper from Mr. Brandreth was read, containing remarks on the Roman roads, Watling Street and Ikenild Street, which cross each other at Dunstable, and on their vicinal branches, and the British and Roman earthworks in their vicinity, in support of the position that the Roman station of Magiovinum, was situated at or near Dunstable, that it was a great inland market for cattle and merchandise, and the same place as the Forum Diance, described by Richard of Cirencester. The conclusion of the paper was postponed.

Dec. 1.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair.—Sir T. Phillips exhibited an original painting of Queen Mary I. The Rev. Mr. Stratfield presented some drawings from ancient paintings at Knowle, in Kent. A paper, by Sir Henry Ellis was read—on a Greek inscription found in Egypt, now in the British Museum, and supposed to have been originally placed under a statue of Jupiter. The reading of Mr. Brandreth's essay, on the site of the Roman station of Magiovinum, was concluded.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 p.m. British Architects, 8 p.m. Marylebone (R. Addams on Acoustics, 8 p.m., and ensuing Monday). Lambeth Literary (Mr. J. Harris on Style (Introductory), 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 p.m. Horticultural, 3 p.m. Belgrave Literary (Mr. W. Pocock on Gothic Architecture, and ensuing Tuesday).

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 p.m. Southwark Literary (Mr. R. Jones, on Habits, &c. of Animals, and ensuing Wednesday), 8 p.m.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8 p.m. Antiquaries, 8 p.m. Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m. Institution Literary (Dr. Truman on the Physiology of the Voice), 8 p.m.

Friday.—Royal Astronomical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

An Essay on the Nature, the End, and the Means, of Imitation in the Fine Arts. Translated from the French of M. Quatremère de Quincy; by J. C. Kent. 8vo. pp. 468. London 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

(Second notice.)

THE second Part of M. de Quincy's work treats of the End of Imitation. That end is pleasure. But of what description?

"The analysis (says the author) of the

elements of imitation discloses to us three degrees of pleasure corresponding to different faculties of man. The first is that of mere instinct, which, confined to matter, requires only in the image the repetition of reality by reality, and which is alike deceived in what it requires, and in what it receives. This pleasure is necessarily excluded from the consideration of the theory we are discussing. The second, limited to the impressions of the senses, though produced by legitimate means of art, stops short at the sensation derived from an imitation, technical rather than intellectual. In this, the choice of subjects, and the servile manner of representing them in the spirit of reality, reduces, as regards the mind, the distance that separates the model from the image. (See Part I., chap. iv.) In this kind of pleasure, as previously shewn, the act of placing in apposition, and comparing, is rendered of none effect, and there is nothing for the imagination to regard beyond what the eye embraces. The third sort of pleasure, though without excluding the preceding, is the true end of imitation. Seeing that it is derived from all that is most exalted in the sphere of imitable objects, and rarest and most excellent within the range of imitative power, this pleasure stands related to all that is most noble in ourselves—I mean, to the faculties which most distinguish man from other creatures—to the intellectual organs, so superior in their nature and action to those of the body. The pleasure I speak of cannot exert its sway, but through the especial co-operation of those who experience it. Its impressions have no share in common with those of matter. It requires other eyes than those of the body to see, other ears to hear. The imitation that gives rise to this pleasure consists in relations which cannot influence the senses. The distance that separates its creations from their generating principle can be measured only by the understanding; and it requires far other sensibility than that of the nerves to experience the sentiment of beauty which is its effect. The pleasure here assigned as the end of imitation is, then, far higher in degree than that termed *physical*; it is, in short, a *moral* pleasure. I have before explained that the word *moral*, as applied to imitation, is not intended to signify any useful influence on morality or manners resulting from works of art, but is employed in an opposite sense to that attached to the words *physical*, *material*, *sensual*. A play may afford the finest examples of virtue; but presented in a system of low imitation so nearly approaching reality, that its impression may be reduced to that of physical pleasure. The subject of a painting may form a good moral lesson, and yet the mode of treating it occasion us no other kind of pleasure than that limited to the senses. Such, for instance, would be the case in the representation of the fable of the labourer and his children trying to break the bundle of sticks. Suppose the scene be presented to us as the interior of a poor and rustic cottage, with the costume and portraits of its peasant inhabitants, and, if you will, let Teniers be the painter; the imitation of an incident, in itself so moral, will in that case produce only the *physical* pleasure of imitation. Suppose now the same scene expressed by the historical painter, with all the nobility of character, beauty of form, variety of expressions and attitudes that the subject will admit of, the mind will then enjoy the *moral* pleasure of imitation."

In much of the earlier part of the above quotation we concur; but we are far from admitting the justice of the latter part. Why

should the admiration of the "classical" be pushed to such excess, that "a labourer and his children" must be represented with "nobility of character, beauty of form," &c.? The degradation of Teniers (repeated in a subsequent page), does not appear to us to be fair. Admitting that the servile imitation of objects, in which such artists as Mieris and Gerard Dow indulged, can give only physical pleasure (and we confess that to us it does not afford much of even that), surely the productions of the superior Flemish painters, such as Teniers and Metz, who, in their best works, stopped at the right place, and contented themselves with that breadth of treatment which leaves the imagination of the spectator much to do, yield (in M. de Quincy's sense of the expression) great *moral* pleasure. Still more productive, we are proud to say, of that kind of pleasure, are the representations of humble and familiar life in our own age and country. Is not high *moral* pleasure derived from the contemplation of "The Blind Fiddler," or "The Wolf and the Lamb?" Would either of them have been improved by an infusion of the "classical?"

M. de Quincy proceeds to consider what imitation it is whose model cannot be shewn, and what name is given to it.

"The poet, says Plautus, when he sets about composing, seeks what is nowhere, and yet finds it. What does Plautus mean by seeking, and finding what is nowhere? The answer to this question contains the element of our theory, concerning what is the end of imitation. From all that has gone before, there can, I presume, be no question, that to please, and, consequently, to please as much as possible, is the goal to which imitation tends; and that the greatest pleasure cannot be that of the senses, but, on the contrary, that of the mind—in other words, that which the understanding or the imagination procures. Now, as already seen, that which constitutes the object of physical or sensual pleasure, is of a nature to be met with at all times, and in all places, by the organ of the senses, and the instinct that guides it; while that which constitutes the object of moral or intellectual pleasure, can be neither sought for, nor found, but by that internal sense which is termed *genius*."

"It would seem, therefore, that such (the pleasure of the senses) was not the pleasure that Plautus was desirous of providing for his hearers; for he might have found the subject of it everywhere. Now, he sought after one, the subject and object of which were nowhere. What is this but to say that, in composing his dramatic pieces, he took for his model an action, the elements and details of which, though imbued with verisimilitude, could nowhere be found combined in a true and real event? that is, he placed in the mouth of his actors language conformable to their conventional situation, for the truth of which language he was indebted to no one, but to general observation on the language expressive of the affections of the mind: he brought into play, and placed in contrast, throughout the unravelling of his plot, characters whose physiognomy was not that of any individual; and, in short, gave life to personages whom every one thought they could recognise, and yet of whom no one could in reality shew the original—an original unknown even to the poet himself."

Carried away, however, by his enthusiasm, M. de Quincy says:—

"Zeuxis, having made his Helen a complete beauty, we are told that five of the most beautiful women in the city were provided for him. What, if we admit the fact, one of those

models the less, or all, or any others in their stead, and would not Helen still have been a finished work?"

Surely, it must have been an inferior work. As it was, the painter added to the knowledge derived from his former studies of beautiful women the knowledge which he derived from the study of those five beautiful women. By the by, it is odd enough, with reference to M. de Quincy's theory, that of Zeuxis, Pliny tells the story that he painted grapes so "naturally," as to deceive the birds, who wanted to peck at them. We admit that the pleasure which the winged voluptuaries anticipated was only physical pleasure; but is it not probable (setting aside all mystification) that his Helen was as "natural," in the confined sense of the word? We dare say the youths of the time wanted to kiss her.

The author proceeds to define the term "ideal." He denies that it should be confined to beauty. He says it is merely "an adjective serving to designate and characterise, either notions existing in the mind or understanding, or works which would seem to be more especially connected either with the operation of the mind, or the employment of intellectual means fitted to give rise to impressions other than those of the physical senses."

Though, strictly speaking, there is *idea* in every work of art, yet we say a work is without *idea*, and the artist consequently destitute of ideas, when it produces impressions which are feeble, commonplace, and confined within a very narrow circle. On the other hand, we say a person is rich in ideas, a work abounding in ideas, a composition full of ideas, when they are remarkable for the mental and moral power displayed in them. And, as *idea*, according to the metaphysical definition of the word, is the notion imprinted on the mind, *ideal*, applied to works of imitation, designates their characteristic quality, in as much as they are produced by the principle of the notions which belong to the labour of the judgment and understanding. * * * * * *Ideal* signifies, therefore, whatever, in the imitation of the fine arts, is composed, formed, and executed by virtue of that faculty in man which enables him to conceive in his mind, and to realise what he has conceived,—that is to say, a whole such as nature would never present to him in its reality. It may now be readily seen how wrong it is to apply the notion of the ideal (as it is too much the custom to do in the arts of design) solely to works which require the imitation of beauty. I mean corporeal beauty, whether limited to juvenile or to female figures. The idea of the beautiful, or of beauty, thus restricted, would confine the ideal within too narrow a circle. There is a sort of corporeal beauty belonging to every time of life, even though the furthest removed from that in which the charm of beauty, as commonly understood, shines forth. The customary idiom of languages affords proof of it. We say a beautiful old man, as we say a beautiful young one. This arises from the idea of beauty being formed from that of the perfection appropriate to every thing and being; and, therefore, every species of object, and every kind of quality being capable of perfection, may also have its ideal.

This "ideal" is, however, the result of a generalised study of nature.

"It is by studying nature, not partially and in detail, but in the collective whole of her plans, that we attain to a knowledge of what is, or is not, conformable to her general laws; that, penetrating the mystery of her inten-

tions, we grasp at once the principle of order that rules over the whole system of creation, and the reasons of the irregularities we remark in the things created."

"The poet, just as often as the painter, confounds the idea of nature, confined to individuality, with that other idea of nature considered in its generality. Quite as often does he persuade himself that the only object of his imitation is, to counterfeit the expression of vices, passions, and follies, to trace the picture of human things and actions, and design the character of his personages, wholly and solely after such an original as he may have known,—such as chance circumstances, or the narratives of history afford,—or such as local causes or the manners of the age present to him."

But, although strongly tempted by the excellence of some of the matter which immediately follows, we must refrain from further quotation, and close our notice of the second part of the volume. To the third, we shall advert next week.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Tuesday, *The Daughter*, called in the bills *The Wrecker's Daughter*, from the pen of Sheridan Knowles, and supported by him on the stage as the representative of *Robert the Wrecker*, was produced at this theatre with much applause. The characters are few, and all belong to the ruthless class indicated by the play-bill title. *Marian* (Miss Huddart), the daughter of the *Wrecker*, is the only female in the drama; and, except the subordinate parts of three inferior wreckers, a jailor, a bailiff, a constable, and a clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony, the only other males are, *Edward* (Cooper), *Marian's* lover; *Norris* (Ward), a villainous wrecker; and *Wolf* (Diddar), his "friend." Before saying aught of the composition, we may notice that it was acted with much *gusto* throughout. Miss Huddart exerted herself greatly through a trying part; Knowles did no less in executing his own conception; and Ward displayed his talents to the best advantage in the worse than *Iago* of low life. The most objectionable scene of the piece, as regards its construction—i. e. that in which he gratuitously puts himself in the power of *Wolf*, like a babbling fool, and not the plotting devil he really is—was performed in a manner to draw down loud plaudits.

The play * itself will rank in construction and action with the foremost of those melo-dramatic pieces which are seen at minor houses; and, in language, expression, and poetry, above them so far as not to do discredit to the genius of the author. The subject and characters forbid tragic excellence, although the one is treated with a sufficiently murderous swoop, and the others speak in a style above their station. The very jailor is inspired by the Muse, and *Melpomene* is his mistress.

"It is hard
To have no option but the act of duty,
When the heart bleeds, and that decides against it.
Poor girl! Though I consort with stone and iron,
My heart partakes not so of their condition
That I can see and hear thee with such eyes
And ears, as walls and bars do turn to misery!
Thou must endure—and heaven support thee under it!"

We will not enter upon minute criticism, but content ourselves with observing, that the dialogue is in general strong and rough; that there are some striking passages here and there; and that the most beautiful portions are those of feminine love, feeling, and passion. This is Knowles's forte; he is never so truly poetical as in the natural touches of woman's tender-

ness. We will run over the pages, and add, as they occur, a few examples of various kinds. A forced simile:—

"The man that's ever smiling, still speaks soft—
And no one here would pass for such a man—
I'd never trust! He'll prove a hypocrite!
The sky doth change its 'haviour'—tis no rogue;
And why not man that lives beneath the sky,
If he be honest?"

Bad grammar, and a poor conceit:—

"Let's put a stop to it;
And each man do his best, to find him out,
That brings the shame upon us—be it me,
Or you, or him, or whoso'er it may;
And hunt him not by looks! Such hounds—you know
What hounds are, I suppose—are oft at fault!"

Ridiculous figure of *inflation*:—

"Oh! of the sighs
I have heav'd in an hour I could have found a wind,
Had I the cunning to make store of them,
Would cause thy ship to heel!"

In continuation, pretty, though after Shakespeare's *Rosalind*:—

"There have I sat,
From coming in to going out of light,
Perch'd, like a lonely beacon, on the cliff,
Watching for thee;—and, if I saw a speck,
I thought thee there—and, when it pass'd away,
I felt the pangs of parting, o'er again!
How long wilt be away?"

Edward. A month.

Marian. Say two!

"I'll make my mind up to two months—and then,
If thou return'st before the time, thou know'st
It will be weary of happiness!
Thou'll stay two months!—Two months is a long time!"

Edw. I tell thee but a month!

Mar. I'll not believe it!

For, if I should, and thou beyond should'st stay,
Each hour beyond will be another month."

Still prettier:—

"Mar. I will not see him again! I nothing see
When thou'rt away. The sun, the earth, the sea—
All things without are gone—I have no eye,
No ear—except within—within, where only
Then can I see and hear thee!—Where I'm with thee
At sea—on shore—and oft in hardest strait
Of peril—where I'm always nearest to thee
With superhuman power to bear thee through
In spite of sternest danger! There's the gun!
Edw. Farewell!"

A noble argument, *Marian* dissuading her father from going, even for a last time, to his horrid trade of wrecking.

"Rob. This night's the last!"

Mar. This night!—Oh, no!—The last night be the last!

Who makes his mind up that a thing is wrong,
Yet says he'll do that thing for the last time,
Doth but commence anew a course of sin,
Of which that last sin is the leading one,
Which many another, and a worse, will follow!
At once begin! How many, at this hour,
Alive as thou art, will not live to see
To-morrow's light!—If thou should'st be cut off!
Should thy last sin be done on thy last night!
Should Heaven avenge itself on that last sin
Thou dost repentingly!—My father, come!—
O! a bad conscience, and a sudden death!
Come home!—Come home!—Come home!"

When *Marian's* mistaken evidence has caused her father to be condemned to death, the following is portion of a finely wrought and touchingly natural scene:—

"Rob. Who gave thee

Those hands thou clasp'st to me?

Mar. Thou!

Rob. I!—Indeed!

And the rest of thy limbs?—Thy body? and the tongue

Thou speak'st with—Dwrest thou every thing to me?

Mar. I do!—Indeed! I do!

Rob. Indeed! Indeed!

Thou liest! Thou wert never child of mine!

No!—No!—I never carried thee up and down

The bench in my arms, many and many a day.

To strengthen thee, when thou wast sickly!—No!—

I never brought thee from the market town,

Where'er I went to it, a pocket load

Of children's gear!—No!—No, I never was

Your play-fellow that ne'er fell out with you

Where'er you did to him!—No!—Never! Nor

When fever came into the village, and

Fix'd its fell gripe on you, I never watch'd

Ten days and nights running, beside your bed,

Living I know not how, for sleep I took not,

And hardly food! And since your mother died—

Mar. Thou'll kill me, father!

Rob. Since your mother died

I have not been a mother and a father

Both—both to thee!

Mar. Oh! spare me!
 Rob. I was never
 Any thing to thee!—Call me father!—why
 A father's life is wrapp'd up in his child!
 Was mine wrapp'd up in thee!—Thou know'st 'twas
 not!
 How durst thou call me father?—fasten upon me!—
 That never gave the proof, sign, any thing
 Of recognition that thou wast my child!
 Strain'd thee to my heart by the hour!—parting thy
 hair
 And smoothing it, and calling thee all things
 That fondness idolising thinks upon
 To speak its yearning love!—core of my heart!
 Drop of my heart's blood, was worth all the rest!
 Apple of mine eye, for which I'd give mine eyes,
 Orbs, sockets, lids and all!—till words grew sobbs,
 And love, o'er fraught, put what it lov'd away
 To get relief from tears!—Never did I
 Do this to thee!—why call me father, then,
 That art no child of mine?"

We will not add a word to this. The man who could write these things, had he a hundred times the faults which criticism might lay to the charge of Mr. Knowles, is a poet of Nature's birth, and ought to be cherished by every lover of poetry.

On Wednesday, Mr. Forrest essayed *Macbeth*, which we anticipated he would do better than *Othello* or *Lear*; but he did not. On Thursday, a grand spectacle, called the *Devil on Two Sticks*, was produced; in which was the usual load of tinsel, monkey and mountebank tricks, dancing, and tumbling. It is a very showy affair, and very tedious and tiresome. The novel appearance of the stage with audiences on both sides is very curious and amusing.

Adelphi.—On Monday, a laughable piece, called the *Queer Subject*, gave us a hearty laugh at the rich humour of John Reeve. It is a sort of recollection of the *Anatomist*, the *Mock Doctor*, and the *Mummy*; and the fun is educed from Reeve being an anatomical subject for dissection. The whole is droll and entertaining.

Olympic.—Another new and highly successful burletta was produced here on Wednesday. It is entitled the *Two Figaros*,* and, like most of the latter productions at this house, was quite *Olympickian*. The old *Figaro* (Liston) is in danger of being turned out of the house of *Count Almaviva* (Bland), by the new *Figaro* (Charles Mathews), *Col. Cherubino*, the quondam page, and now a lover disguised. So there is plenty of plot—plots, rather—in these two acts. The *Figaros* were capitally acted by the above gentlemen (Liston as irresistible as ever; the more we see of Charles Mathews, the more we see to praise), who were admirably supported by Madame Vestris herself, Miss Murray (her first appearance this season, and we beg to welcome her again), Mrs. Macnamara, Miss Crawford, and Miss Maxwell; Messrs. Bland, Selby, Oxberry, &c. With such strength of cast, so well acted—such beautiful music (selected from the *Barber of Seville* and the *Marriage of Figaro*), this piece will long keep possession of the Olympic stage.

The *Queen's Theatre* opened on Monday to a respectable attendance, and the performances were such as deserved that sort of patronage. In the first piece, the *Lear of Private Life*, we were much struck by Elton's personation of *Fitzharding*; than which there are very few more effective parts upon the London stage. It was very powerful and affecting. In this, and the other pieces, Miss Ellen Clifford, Miss Gray, Miss Wrighten, Mr. Loveday, Mr. T. Green, and other less known actors, acquitted themselves in their various lines to the entire satisfaction of the applauding audience. We must not, however, neglect to pay a particular compliment to Miss Gray, whose personation

of *Rose Downright*, in the *Field of Forty Foot-steps*, is one of the most lively and spirited pieces of comic acting we have witnessed for a long while. This very pretty and clever actress is, we believe, the head of the concern: why does not she, like Vestris, Mrs. Nesbitt, and other fair managers, prefer her claim to the public patronage, in her own name and person? Female appeals in theatrical affairs are ever more favourably acknowledged than those of the male creation.

VARIETIES.

Shooting Stars.—Referring to the curious astronomical phenomenon lately the subject of observation and discussion, viz. the multitude of shooting stars seen in America in the night of Nov. 12-13, the *Nautical Almanac* mentions the theory of M. Arago (*Annuaire* of 1836), in which he seems to think they may be asteroids; for Professor Brandes, of Breslau, has calculated the height of some of them at 500 English miles, and their rate of motion at thirty-six miles in a second, or double that of the earth round the sun. In 1799, a similar phenomenon was observed in America by Humboldt, in Greenland by the Moravian brethren, and in Germany by various individuals; and all on the same night, Nov. 12-13. In 1832, the year before the Boston observations, the same occurred in Europe and some parts of Asia. In 1831, M. Besard, in the French brig *Loirel*, witnessed the same off Carthage, in Spain; one of the meteors was equal in diameter to half the moon, and left a broad band of light, tinted with all the colours of the rainbow. Last year a brilliant meteor fell near Belley, in France: and, in short, the facts appear to confirm more and more the opinion, that a zone exists composed of myriads of small bodies, whose orbits come within the limits of the earth's ecliptic every year, the 11th and 13th Nov. No doubt, this new planetary world will henceforth be carefully observed.

Pickwick.—We have just skirred our friend "Pickwick" this month, and fallen on the following tit-bit in his best manner: "Business first, pleasure afterwards, as King Richard the Third said ven he stabbed 'other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies."

The Gale.—London was on Tuesday visited by a fearful hurricane, which has done great damage to many buildings, and wounded and killed a number of unfortunate persons. King Henry VIII., in the Royal Exchange, had a narrow escape from the fall of the cornice over his head, and the sceptre was dashed from the youthful gripe of Edward VI. The piers and arches, which go by the name of Blackfriars, cut a pretty figure as a Bridge: surely the Humane Society, next door, ought to come forward to save the wretched.

Outsides superior to In.—As the run of play bills promise much more in their flourishing way than is ever seen in the theatres; so does a showman, just now in the streets with a shark, or, as he spells it, *sheark*, in a covered cart. He declares it to be 12 feet long: the carriage which holds it is not six!

The Balloon.—Mr. Monck Mason and Mr. Green have arrived at Paris with the balloon—not the balloon with them; and Mr. Holland has returned to London. Before leaving Weilburg, the aeronauts partially inflated the huge machine, and, in a *fêce* upon the occasion, some young ladies about the court christened it the *Big balloon of Nassau*!

A New Cure for Stupidity and Gloom.—The *Brussels Independent* reports a remark-

able case in the practice of a M. Nobell, and vouched for by him to the Medical Society of Ghent. The patient, a young fellow of stupid and gloomy temperament, resolved to blow his brains out, and sent a brace of bullets into them with that intent. He only succeeded, however, in destroying his eyes, and making a hole, through which several cupsful of brains escaped. The result was, that he became particularly smart and lively! The recipe ought to appear in the next edition of the "*Pharmacopœia*."

Lines written on witnessing the Performance of *Im. Jealous of Avon's bard, the Attic muse*
 Too long had brooked the modern poet's sway,
 Frowning she stood with long collected might,
 And sent us Talfourd with his Grecian play.

Hyperæa.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 24	From 32 to 43	29.42 to 29.40
Friday... 25	... 25 .. 38	29.65 .. 29.61
Saturday... 26	... 30 .. 43	29.37 .. 29.28
Sunday... 27	... 30 .. 43	29.34 .. 29.34
Monday... 28	... 51 .. 57	29.25 .. 29.33
Tuesday... 29	... 49 .. 57	29.04 .. 29.43
Wednesday 30	... 42 .. 48	29.42 .. 29.48

Prevailing wind, S.W. Generally cloudy, except the 24th, with frequent and heavy showers of rain. On the 29th and 30th wind very boisterous, perhaps never more so than on the 29th, doing much damage to buildings and trees.

Rain fallen, 1.05 inch.
 Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to Mr. Richard King's letter, with thanks for his correspondence in the *Sun* newspaper, we have only to say, that we adhere to our expressed opinion, and consider him to have taken a decidedly erroneous course in endeavouring to understate the services of Captain Back, especially when he had himself proposed to combat another expedition.

We have sent the letters respecting the safety-related coach to the parties concerned.

We have no doubt *Pedesters* might have seen the beggars' litter he describes; but good taste ought to have prevented his publishing an account of it. Our literature would be lower than it is, if one held it to be a sufficient ground to tell all he saw.

The seizure at Calais of the volumes asserting the claims of the individual, mentioned in our last, to be the son of Louis XVI., is only made known to us through M. Gruan's letter, received too late to be of any use in this number of the *Gazette*. In consequence, we have postponed the notice of the work itself.

Von Raumer.—We had prepared a review of another work by M. Von Raumer, when his contributions to English history reached us; and we have thought it advisable to withhold it, and unite both together. We also defer the poetry from the "*Admirable*" Crichon. Our geological report postponed.

ERRATA.—By an oversight in our last Number, Mr. C. G. Godwin's interesting little *Tales for Youth*, "Basil Harlow," and "Esther More," although written in plain and simple prose, are classed under the head of "Poems." Also, p. 764, col. 1, line from bottom 28, for "Falmion," read "Falmion."

* Said to be by Mr. Planché.

† *Querre*, Figure-oh! 17—P. D.

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